

appearance of the club. It was decorated with American colors and besides four great streamers of yellow ribbon, upon which were stamped light blue eagles, depended from an upper story. Blue and yellow are Rough Rider colors.

It was 1:07 P. M. when the crowd at Forty-second street and the new library began to cheer. A few minutes later Mr. Roosevelt's attention was directed toward the city. He saw in the drawing room window of 601 Fifth avenue an aged woman wearing a black silk who was waving a handkerchief to him. It was Mrs. Russell Sage.

Presently he was passing St. Patrick's cathedral, the wide steps of which could have held no more people. No louder cheer was raised along all Broadway than came to his ears in the vicinity of the cathedral. The Union Club, which had only one flag displayed, though an immense one, looked on calmly.

GREETING THE ROUGH RIDERS.
It was 1:28 P. M. when Mr. Roosevelt's

Mr. Vanderbilt and Inspector Schmittberger led Mr. Roosevelt to it. He jumped in, swung his hat around in a circle as a final farewell to the crowd and the car moved down Fifth avenue. Mr. Roosevelt drove straight to the Butler house at 433 Fifth avenue.

LUNCHEON AND THEN RAIN.
The Colonel Escapes, but Archie Butt Bravely Faces the Storm.

After the parade Col. Roosevelt drove to 633 Fifth avenue, the old home of Theron Butler, grandfather to Miss Eleanor Alexander. The brownstone house is being rebuilt and there was scaffolding all over its front, but the Alexanders had arranged to have a room in the rear on the ground floor prepared for the reception and luncheon to which fifty guests had been invited by Mrs. Roosevelt while she was still abroad. Collector Losh's guests, members of the reception committee, Richard Parr, Nicholas Longworth and his wife, Douglas Robinson and Gifford Pinchot all came up in automobiles and

Colonel hesitated a moment, took one look at the forefront of the storm and then decided for cover. The crowd yelled once and was gone.

Within three minutes after the Colonel disappeared the street was absolutely empty except for the mounted police, who turned their horses' backs to the storm that was whooping all about them and sat it philosophically out, and a line of empty taxicabs, deserted by the chauffeurs, who ran for the shelter of the Alexanders' basement.

ARCHIE BUTT GETS IT.

In the midst of this young tempest a taxicab drove up, its wheels slipping on the flooded street, and there emerged a militant figure hung with gold lace and carrying a long paper box. This was Capt. Archie Butt. He did not bow his head to the storm, but walked erect up the front steps of the Alexanders, with his long coat sticking pathetically around his legs. That was the last bit of diversion for some time for the police and the residents of the block who had their noses plastered to the windows. The storm grew fiercer, and the mounted men who

up waiting for him that the Colonel said anything. Then he came out on the observation platform and standing beneath the dripping roof with his hat off held up his hand. When he could make himself heard the Colonel said: "I cannot tell you how touched and pleased I am at this reception by my old neighbors and friends. I also want to take this chance to thank the police force for the good work it has done to-day. In looking back it is one of the proudest things of my life that I was connected with it."

Then the Oyster Bay reception committee and its band charged down the platform; up ahead of the private car and a small boy piped out, "How many lions did you kill, Teddy?" and the latter smiled and bowed again as the train pulled out at 4:35 o'clock into a drizzle that gradually effaced the broad smile on the back platform.

ROOSEVELT FOR GOVERNOR.
The Republican Club of Onondaga County Launches the Boom.

UTICA, June 18.—The Republican Club of Onondaga County, with a membership approaching a thousand and numbering

WHEN THE KAISERIN CAME IN

FIRST GREETING TO ROOSEVELT FROM PORTS AND WARSHIPS.

A Wait in the Fog for the Kaiser—His Warning May Have Averted a Collision—Losh Gets a Hearty How-De-You—The Welcome on the Manhattan.

Out of the fog jumped the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria, carrying Col. Roosevelt back to a more familiar land. It was at 7:20 o'clock in the morning. But three miles lay between him and the hills of Staten Island.

The ship's coming was impetuous. The blanket of mist which had held down the revolutions of the big Hamburg-American liner's screws for half the night still held after sunset yesterday. Suddenly those who had been drifting about in the murk off Hoffman and Swinburne islands in the outer bay, waiting, caught the bulk

of something ponderous not a half mile away. In an instant more there was a sharpening of the focus, and then came in view the three piled up decks, the funnels spouting black smoke and the strings of fluttering hunting from mast-head to masthead, the smile of a happy ship. Here was what New York was waiting for.

It must have seemed quite natural to Col. Roosevelt that the first of his fellow citizens to stand out from shore to receive him were the newspaper men. In Africa, through Europe, right there outside the Narrows of New York harbor, of course. There were fifty and more with pad and camera on the tug J. K. Gilkinson, which had been sent down by the Hamburg-American line. Since 4 o'clock in the dark the tug had been waiting.

Just this tug and two lobster boats, which were being pulled back and forth over the tow lines of the set pots by Italian fishermen. There was not another boat between the Ambrose Channel light, marking the entrance into the ship chan-

nel, and the dim bulk of ships lying within the Narrows at Quarentine.

FIRST VIEW OF THE KAISERIN.
The Kaiserin was logging it at her best when she first burst through the fog and swung around the buoy light that is the last milestone on the way to port. Her regular seventeen knots had been increased a full knot and a half in the stiller channel of the lower bay, and every single signal flag in her dress was standing out straight with the wind of her passing.

The big ship bore down on the grass tug answering with three little lights the salutations which Capt. Anthony Martin rattled out with his whistle cord. The decks were already filled with passengers, up early in anticipation. But soon the rows of faces over the three rails of the steamer as they might, the waiters could not see that of Col. Roosevelt.

The tug turned and gave chase, but not soon enough to avoid the long, slow swell that came from the stem of the gray battleship South Carolina. The big en-



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THE CITY'S OFFICIAL WELCOME—COL. ROOSEVELT AND MAYOR GAYNOR AT THE BATTERY.

carriage stopped in the plaza just above Fifty-ninth street. He alighted with the Mayor and Mr. Vanderbilt and swept his glance toward the park. Here was the opportunity he had waited for several hours, the Rough Riders were drawn up solidly across the Plaza from near the Plaza Hotel to the Hotel Netherland. It was blazing hot, and the sweat was running down the Colonel's face, but he rushed over the asphalt with a squad of police hustling to keep time with him and came to the front of the corps. They saluted him first formally and the Colonel gave them the military reply. But the formality was over then and there. He walked rapidly to where Col. Alexander Brodie was waiting in a skiffish horse and squeezed the Colonel's hand.

"Oh, this is great," he said, with his eyes sparkling. "This is what I like. These are my boys. Brodie, how are you? How everybody? I want to talk to you. I've a lot of things I want to ask you."

Then he hustled down the line, shaking hands with the troopers and giving them all a jovial word or two. Among the Rough Riders he gripped hands with were Capt. George H. Curry, ex-Governor of Oklahoma; Major W. H. H. Llewellyn of New Mexico; Capt. James B. McClintock and Lieut. George B. Wilcox of Arizona; Piper, the bugler; Ben Daniels, United States Marshal in Arizona; Charley Hurst of Oklahoma; Jack Greenway, Craig Wadsworth, William A. Larned, Robert D. Wrenn, David M. Goodrich and Gen. Sherman M. Bell, Adjutant-General of Colorado.

GIFT FROM SPANISH WAR VETERANS.
Back he came to a position in front of the Hotel Plaza, for Col. George R. Dyer of the Twelfth Regiment was waiting for him as the representative of the Spanish War Veterans. Col. Dyer held a big book of complimentary resolutions bound in blue and white silk. These resolutions came from every camp of Spanish War Veterans. Col. Dyer made a little speech in presenting them.

"Col. Dyer," said Mr. Roosevelt, "I thank you for this and I thank every man who has had a hand in affording me this pleasure. I need only say that I am touched by it, very deeply touched."

The mounted policemen with an eye out for the break up of the crowd had been growing a bit restive. People were pushing forward toward Col. Roosevelt and every now and then the mounted men had to force them back. But an automobile was waiting for Mr. Roosevelt and the minute the album presentation was over

carriages and were pointed out and commented on by those of the procession crowd who had not lost interest and a mob of new recruits.

In the avenue in front of the house the twenty-four mounted policemen from the traffic squad—a Presidential escort—were sitting straight and stiff. Every now and then some one ran up to the house past the scaffolding and ducked into a taxicab, and then those who could not see above the backs of those in front would cheer loudly, trusting to luck that it was the right man. But it wasn't until a few minutes past 3 that that high hat came swinging down the front steps and its owner got into the horse machine that had been waiting him near the curb. And then while the crowd yelled Lieut. Corbett, commanding the traffic men, snapped out an order. All the bay horses backed up and their riders brought up their clubs to their chests and closed in around the machine.

WEDDING PRESENTS ON VIEW

The party was headed for 42 West Forty-seventh street, where Mrs. Henry Addison Alexander lives and Theodore, Jr., and Miss Eleanor were waiting to show the wedding presents to the Colonel. Just at his machine and its attendant taxicabs and police swung off the avenue and turned west on Forty-seventh street the vicious little storm came booming east to meet him. It blew the leaves from the young trees along the pavements, blew the ladies in the Roosevelt party clear up the Alexanders' front stoop, but it did not wet the Colonel to any appreciable extent. He ran up the front steps of 42 just as the first few feeble drops fell into his high hat, which he held up to his head, bowing to the crowd. The Col-

had no raincoats or any way of keeping dry, and he and his wife rode up and down the street behind their guidon bearer.

The worst of the storm had gone howling away a little after 4 o'clock and when the Colonel came out again after his inspection of the wedding presents the wet remnants of the crowd had gathered again and once more there was howling and wild yelling. He was headed for the ferry now and the police shook themselves and closed around their charge again. Senator Lodge was in a taxicab by himself and allowed a negro who seemed to be on the verge of having to open the cab door and hand in some luggage. So related the colored man at the recognition that he ran all the way behind the machine, clear down to the ferry with the loping pace of a half-rigger and there he did it all over again.

The first sign of any enthusiasm on the voyage to the ferry was at Thirty-fourth street and Third avenue, where the people pulled from windows and lamp posts and layed at the closed machine that swept past them.

It was still raining when the Long Island ferry boat at the foot of East Thirty-fourth street was reached. Commuters, most of them women with bundles, raced ahead of the automobiles to get on the boat with the Colonel. The women tucked up their skirts and splashed through puddles as they deep along the mudguards of the big touring car trying to get a glimpse at the Colonel, who sat on the back seat with his wife.

The machine was run on to the boat, and there was no sign of life from it all the way across the river.

SPEECH AT LONG ISLAND CITY

At Long Island City there was the same frantic rush to see the occupants of the machine, but it was not until he had been pulled through the gates at the extreme western end of the platform and swung on board his special car that was backed

among its boosters Vice-President James S. Sherman, held a special meeting at its quarters in this city to-night and launched a boom for ex-President Roosevelt for Governor of New York State. The boom was not the result of any sudden enthusiasm occasioned by Roosevelt's homecoming to-day, but was carefully conceived and launched, the club members believe, at a psychological moment. In fact it is whispered to-night that State party leaders had a considerable part in this introduction of Roosevelt's name as a gubernatorial possibility and that the Republican Club of Onondaga County was selected as a representative organization through which to get the boom under way.

The launching process was made the occasion of several speeches eulogizing Roosevelt, and the opinion was freely expressed that the movement will be accelerated by all classes of citizens that it will be impossible for Roosevelt to head it off. These resolutions were adopted with a whoop.

Recognize as we do the peculiar political conditions existing in the Empire State, the imperative need of a candidate for Governor this fall who absolutely commands popular confidence, who can unite discordant and warring factions and lead the party to victory, we welcome Theodore Roosevelt as the man of the hour. The elimination of Charles E. Hughes from consideration by his elevation to the Supreme Court bench renders it necessary, we believe, to select a standard bearer who can continue his effective work along lines of political and industrial reform, who will command the loyal and devoted support of the rank and file of our citizenship which has been so generously accorded our present Executive. We proudly acclaim Theodore Roosevelt as our unalterable choice for the Republican nomination for Governor, and none more earnestly recommend that the movement here inaugurated be accelerated by other clubs and organizations throughout the State in the end that our ticket this fall may be headed and strengthened by a name which of itself is pledge and earnest of success.

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